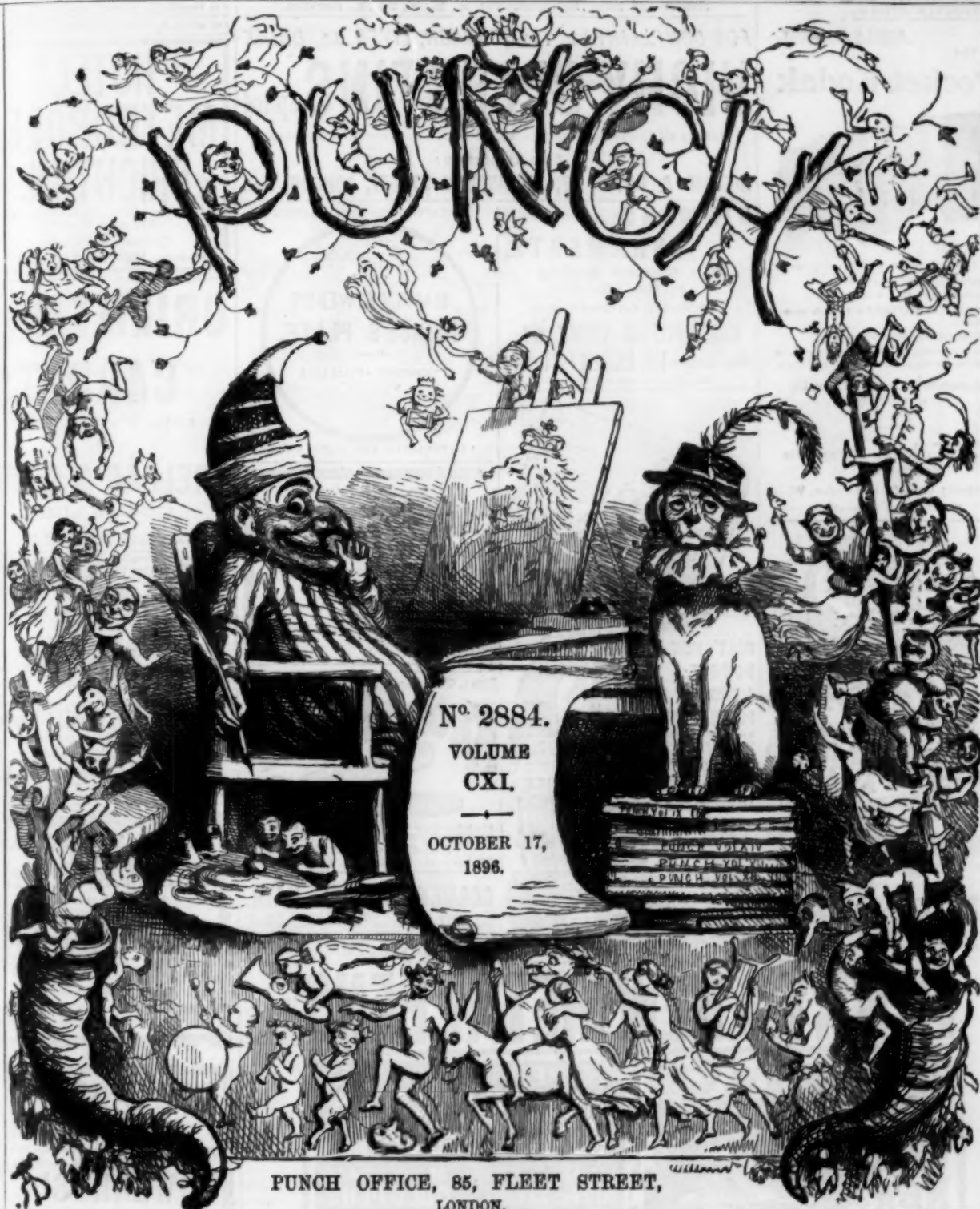


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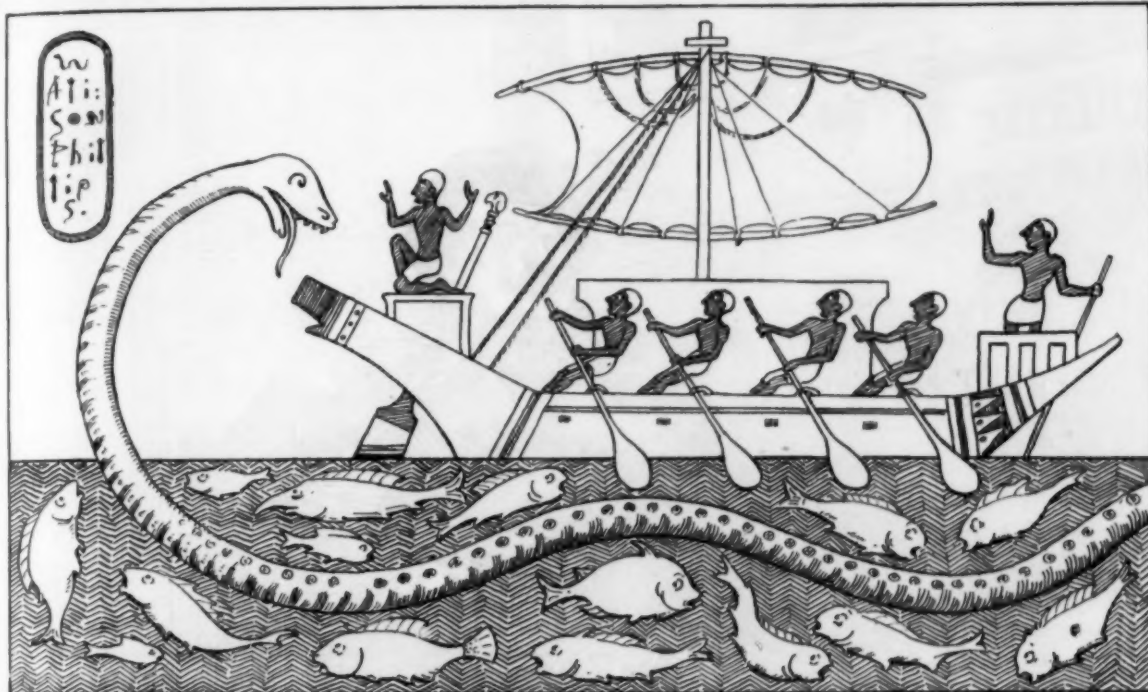
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THE EARLIEST RECORD OF THE APPEARANCE OF THE SEA-SERPENT.

This remarkable Picture from an Egyptian Illustrated Paper is accompanied by the following unpublished remarks of Herodotus, its Special Correspondent:—

I went to a certain place called Pelusium, which is at the mouth of the Nile, to make inquiries concerning the great sea-serpent. For it was told me that every year, after the rising of the Senate, and while the Chief Magistrates are away from the city, there appears in the ocean, not far from the harbour, a monstrous snake. All affirmed it to be many parasangs in length, and exceeding fierce, some described it as of a dingy white colour, and as advancing silently and with a sinuous motion: others, on the other hand, declaring it to be mottled with the most gorgeous colours, to proceed by leaps like a dolphin, and with hideous bellowings. All agreed that it only appears when the Senate is not sitting. Thus I conclude the subject of the sea-serpent.

THE CAB-HIRER'S VADE MECUM.

(During the Strike.)

Question. If you are on your way to town from the country, what should you do, say, when you get within one hundred miles of London?

Answer. I should beg the railway guard to wire to the terminus to engage a conveyance for me on my arrival.

Q. What will be the consequences of this proceeding?

A. Assuming that my train is half-an-hour late I shall have to wait a further thirty minutes for the identification of my Jehu and his chariot.

Q. To whom and to what do you refer?

A. To the railway employé on the box of the company's cab.

Q. Say that you are seated, what will happen next?

A. I shall give my address, and then personally conduct the driver.

Q. Why will this superintendence be necessary?

A. Because, being "new to town," the coachman will fancy that Eaton Square is near the Tower, and Oxford Street within a stone's throw of Waterloo Bridge.

Q. Suppose you desire to get from Kensington to Hyde Park Corner, what would be the route chosen by the driver, without your directions?

A. Very likely he would make for Olympia, then wander into Bayswater, visit Bloomsbury, skirt Pimlico, and come

to Apsley House *vid* the King's Road, Sloane Square, the Brompton Road, and Knightsbridge.

Q. Then if you are encumbered with luggage, what should you do?

A. Send it to its destination either by Private Delivery or Parcels Post.



Q. And how would you yourself get home?

A. By walking.

Q. But surely this would cause you inconvenience?

A. Possibly. But it would be far safer to trust to legs than to wheels.

Q. Why would it be safer?

A. Because nearly all the streets of London are "up," and consequently it would be better to climb the pavement with an *alpen-stock* than to drive through the gas-pipes in a hansom.

THE PIANO-BABY'S LULLABY.

[Many of the itinerant artistes of Saffron Hill consider that their apparatus is incomplete without a baby-and-cradle attachment.]

MISERABLE infant,

To the organ tied,
Trundled down the dirty street,
Swaddled tightly head and feet,
For your daily ride!

Wretched little morsel,
Squalling little brat,
Though the wheezy barrel turns,
'Tis through you your parent earns
Ha'pence in his hat!

Small and howling human,
Soon no more you'll hear,
Growing quickly deaf as stone,
Thanks to each discordant tone
Ground into your ear.

Truly, for two buttons,
This is what I'd do:
I'd a stout policeman fetch,
Take your father up, the wretch,
Smash the organ, too!



"OUT OF AN ENGAGEMENT."

Herr Wilhelm (the Quick-Change Artist). "WHAT HAVE WE HERE! HUM! THIS RUSSIAN STRIPLING SEEMS TO HAVE HAD SOME BIG RECEPTIONS! BUT WAIT TILL I GO ON TOUR! AHA!"



GONE TO GROUND.

Keeper (long suspected of being no friend to Foxes). "THE CURS SEEM ALL UNDER GROUND THIS MORNIN', MISTER CAPEM."
Huntsman (having just drawn the man's coverts blank). "WELL, YOU OUGHT TO KNOW. BUT, I SAY, MISTER POTTER, WHERE DID YOU BURY 'EM,—EH!"

PROVINCIAL SKETCHES.

No. V.—THE BAILIE.

HA, who comes there with lordly air of calm superiority,
 With portly mien and look serene of self-assured authority?
 Who can it be?—Some great grandee?—Sh! Do not stare and dawdle, Sir,
 It is no Royal Highness, but our worthy Bailie CAUDLE, Sir.
 Well may he walk with stately stalk and cast an eye of scorning
 On us mere nobodies that dare to whisper him "Good morning."
 To him that bears a city's cares, dons scarlet robes and ermine,
 Sir,
 What are mere men, mere human men, but worthless dirt and vermin, Sir?
 Far other thoughts absorb his soul—themes mightily superior,
 The pipes and drains, the water-mains—a living town's interior.
 Ha! think of that and tremble, Sir, that you have dared to greet a man
 Who, when the lion's roused, can look as if he meant to eat a man:
 Well may the hungry beggar blench when haled before his Mightiness,
 Well may the tripping damsel blush in sorrow for her flightiness,
 Well may the trembling truant dread his worshipful verbosity,
 And shrink and quail abashed and pale before my Lord Pomposity.
 Or see him on a Sabbath morn in solemn elder's state,
 His hand upon his bosom and his eye upon the plate.
 The people, as they enter, in Sabbatical reflection,
 With nervous fingers feel the bawbee destined for collection;
 But as they feel, they blush to think how monstrous it would be
 To offer common copper to a magnate such as he:
 They drop the vulgar metal, and ashamed, yet half unwilling,
 Produce the silver threepenny, the sixpence and the shilling.
 And when, with boots that creak importance, in his lordly style,
 The Bailie in his majesty comes marching down the aisle,
 We rise, we stand in silence, as is meet for man to do,
 What time he passes in his glory to the elder's pew.

And as we watch him move along, so stately and so tall,
 There is a thought that rises in the bosoms of us all—
 What need of sermons or divines, of BUTLER, BARROW, PALEY?—
 O Lord, we know that Thou art great, for Thou hast made the Bailie."

THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE DENMAN.

LATE ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S JUDGES.

(An Unrhymed Sonnet.)

"Not a great lawyer." Well, that may be so:
 I care not greatly for that parrot-cry.
 Here is his portrait, on my study wall:
 Integrity and Dignity sit there,
 A wise Experience and Thoughtfulness,
 Firm to rebuke the Wrong, uphold the Right.
 Perhaps I trace a wearied, far-off look
 About the eyes. Nay, you are wrong, my friend,
 I am not much imposed upon by robes.
 Forget the office! Think but of the man,
 Kindly and cultured, stately, gracious, true;
 Robed or unrobed, a man to be beloved!
 Come, now, I'll cap your sneer with one plain word,
 There sits a truly noble Englishman.

CURIOUS FACT.—The special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* at Cherbourg says, that the officers received the Czar "lowering their swords with the points to the ground, in salute." Had the officers lowered their weapons and simultaneously directed the points towards the sky, the situation might, indeed, have been more striking than that described by the eminent word painter.

OBSERVATION BY OUR MAN OF LETTERS.—"Great wits jump—on one another, when they see their individual ideas simultaneously produced."

JOTTINGS AND TITTLINGS.

(By BABOO HURRY BUNGSHO JABBERJEE, B.A.)

No. XXV.

Mr. Jabberjee permits himself to make a most unwarranted attack upon a distinguished fellow-contributor, and to criticise the Editorial discretion with considerable freedom. After which he concludes the thrilling account of his experiences on a Scotch moor, greatly to his own glorification.

MAY I humbly be permitted to commence this with the personal explanation?

The gracious and patronising readers of this periodical must often, very properly, have experienced sensations of profound disgust and disappointment to find almost every alternate number



"I presented my trophy and treasure-trove to the fairylike Miss Wee-wee."

of *Punch* completely destitute of a single jot or tittle from this pen; in consequence from which my experiences when (at last) suffered to appear have become totally *ex post facto*! For this dilatoriness the responsible party is not myself.

I am ready at any time to occupy an entire number with my unassuming lucubrations, which would then be up to their date; but of course it seems that, to the Editorial optic, the jejune scribbles of some foreign Mister are of more pressing importance, though ludicrously incapable to write intelligible or idiomatic English style, and interlarded with frequent Gallicisms of very, very dubious correctness!

Far be it from me to raise an international question at a rather difficult crisis, but I must meekly suggest that it is unworthy of a patriotic periodical to snub the nose of a cultivated British subject by postponing his contributions to those of this so-called AUGUSTUS, who is admittedly a mere Parisian Frenchman. I may return to this subject anon—if necessary. *Verbum sat sap.*

Now to resume the rather arbitrarily truncated account of my gunnery on Scottish moors.

Before luncheon I ventured to remonstrate earnestly with my entertainer, Mr. BAGSHOT, Q.C., concerning the extreme severity with which he chastised a juvenile sporting hound of his for such trivial offences as running after some rabbit, or picking up slaughtered volatiles without receiving the *mot d'ordre*!

"Listen, honourable Sir," I entreated him, "to the voice of Reason! It's the second nature of all such canines to pursue vermins, nor are they at all capable of comprehending the Why and Wherefore of a shocking flagellation. If it is your wish that this hound should play the part of a Tantalus, forbidden even to touch the *bonne-bouche* with his watering mouth, surely it is possible to restrain him by a more humane method than Brute Force!"

At this mild reproof Mister BAGSHOT became utterly rufescent, murmuring excuses which I did not catch; and I, perceiving that this object lesson of kindness to animals from an Oriental had strongly affected all the shooters, patted the hound on the forehead, consoling him with some chocolate I carried in my cartridge sack.

We picnicked our lunch under a stone wall, and I, becoming an hilarious, rallied my companions unmercifully upon the solemnity with which they had marched in cautious silence, and with stern countenances as to attack some formidable foe—and all to slaughter sundry braces of inoffensive grouse-birds—truly an heroic sort of undertaking!

To which Hon'ble CUMMERBUND replied, with his utterance impeded by cold pie, that I might congratulate myself on having kept my own hands unstained by any grouse's gore.

"True, Mister Ex-Judge," I retorted, "but as you have already testified," (here I hoisted his own petard at him rather ingeniously,) "I am more an *au fait* in the extermination of elephants *et hoc genus omne*, and have hitherto reserved my powder and shot for a stag or some similar monarch of the glen. However, after lunch let us see whether I am not competent to kill, or at least maim, one of these same grouse-fowls, *faute de mieux*!"

A repartee which excited uproarious laughter (at Hon'ble C.'s expense) from all the present company.

Subsequently, we were posted in a row of small fortresses constructed of turfs, to await what is termed a "Drive," i.e., until some flock of grouse-birds, exasperated to fury by the cries and blows of certain individuals called "beaters," should attack our positions.

Hearing that the grouses on this moor were of an excessive wildness, I was at first apprehensive that one might fly at my nose or eyes while I was busied in defending myself against its fellows, but the keeper who was with me assured me that such was seldom their custom.

And, indeed, such as came in my direction flew with wings so accelerated by panic that they were invisible before I could even select one as my target, so I was reduced to fire with considerable random. Presently the beaters approached, carrying flags of truce, and we sallied out of our forts to pick up the slain and wounded. After diligent search, I had the happiness to discover a grouse-bird, stone dead, in the heather, and, capering with triumph, called to the keeper to come and see the spoil.

On his arrival, however, he said that he could not just think it would be my bird, as he had not noticed any fall in that direction. But after I had presented him with a piece of silver, he did agree that if I chose to claim the bird as mine, it was not his place to contradict me, and so in great glee I exhibited my prize to the others, appealing to the keeper (who basely remained *sotto voce*) for confirmation.

"A devilish clean shot, Prince!" Sir CUMMERBUND graciously remarked; "why, the bird is stiff and cold already!"

Whereupon I was cordially congratulated, and awarded the tail feathers to decorate my "tommyshanty," and during the next driving, having now acquired the knack, I rendered several more denizens of the air the *hors de combats*, though—either on account of their great ingenuity in running out of the radius, or creeping into holes, &c., or else the stupidity of the retrieving dogs—their corpses remained irrecoverable.

On taking my leave, I expressed unbounded satisfaction with such sport as I had had, and my fixed intention to assist on some similar shooting-expedition, and Mr. BAGSHOT kindly promised to let me know if he should again have vacancy for an additional gun.

I regret to say that young HOWARD, who, having only laid low a couple of black cocks and a blue hare, was immoderately jealous of my superior skillfulness, did seek to depreciate it by

insinuating that my grouse was one which, having been seriously wounded by other hands some days previously, had come up to the hills to shuffle off its mortal coil in seclusion, arguing thus from its total absence of heat and suppleness.

This is the merest quibble, and to travel out of the record, since, of course, if a bird is at all of a venerable age, it becomes stiff and deficient in vital warmth long before it is popped off! Moreover, if the grouse were not legitimately my property, why, forsooth, should I be permitted to carry it home?

I presented my trophy and treasure-trove to the fairylike Miss WEE-WEE, who was so overwhelmed by the compliment that she entreated for it to be cooked and eaten *instantly*.

As soon as I have recovered a missing link of my fishing-rod (which it seems has been overlooked by Mister Pawnbroker), and when I have procured some suitable bait, &c., it is my intention to catch a fine salmon out of the burn for my enchanting divinity, and, as I place the fish in her lily-like hands, to strike iron while it is hot and make her the formal proposal of matrimony.

Mister CRUM, hearing of my piscatorial ambitions, has, with almost incredible simplicity, offered to lend me his salmon rod, with a volume of flies, little suspecting that he will be assisting me to catch two fish upon one hook! I am immensely tickled by such a tip-top joke, and can scarcely refrain from imparting it to Miss WEE-WEE herself, though I shall wait until I have first secured the salmon.

I had some valuable remarks upon Scottish idioms and linguistic peculiarities, &c., but these, of course, are to be suppressed *sine die*—unless I am to be permitted to overflow into a special supplement.

What do you say, eh, Hon'ble Mister Editor?

[ED. NOTE.—Not if Hon'ble Mister Editor knows it!]

DARBY JONES ON THE CESAREWITCH.

HONOURED SIR,—The mystic veil, which is invariably thrown by cruel Fortune over the result of a big handicap, shall, if possible, be rent asunder by the old and ever ready seer, whose eye has lost none of its Röntgen-ray penetration. As you are well aware, Sir, it is at this time of year that many owners, to say nothing of backers, are anxious to provide themselves with a copious supply of winter keep, and thus it is that "*bottled-up crocks*" and "*dark outsiders*" may floor the most distinguished members of the Equine Peerage. But now listen to the minstrel, who lays the oof-bird's egg:—



Oh, beware of the Captain, in seeking one—
two,
He's a bad 'un to beat with his *port* full in
view.
Then the Count is a stayer that none can
deny,
Though to get *newly rich* someone else means
to try.
O'er a *Kendal-bred* dame there are many who
gush,
But there're others who know what will come
with a *rush*.
I've respect for the son of a pit-owning
peer,
And the guard in the van is a person to
fear.
Of a *chat* by the way I am somewhat afraid,
And look out for French tricks in the *Aarle-
quinade*.
The chance of a *Cyprian coup* is too faint;
But the son of a *devote* I'll link with a *saint*.

There it is, my lords and gentlemen, the secret is as surely discovered as was TYNAN at Boulogne. Cheques from *grateful* clients may, as usual, be uncrossed, and postal orders are accepted. This latter tip may not be lost upon you, honoured Sir, who have been, I learn, paying a *fabulous price* for rooms in Paris during the visit of the Czar. Crumbs from your sybarite table are always thankfully received by

Your indigent servitor,

DARBY JONES.

P.S.—Hope you pulled off my good thing at Kempton, on Saturday. It was apricot jam on thin bread and butter.

[We do not know to what D. J. alludes. Two hours after the Duke of York Stakes had been decided, we received a telegram from JONES asking us to back the winner for him.—ED.]

A PLACE TO BE AVOIDED BY THE ROYAL ARTILLERY.—Gunnery-bury.

FACILIS DESCENSUS.

OUR dear little Bishop has bought a new bike,
Nor recks what the world may say,
Over hill and down dale, past hedge-row and dyke,
He merrily pedals his way.



When to visit his vicars on Sundays he goes,
To appearance he tries to take heed,
But the one thing he loves is to tuck up his toes
And fly down a hill at full speed.

He can do thirty miles without turning a hair,
Yet he isn't much given to boasting,
"In the joys of the wheel," he will often declare,
"There is *nothing* can come up to coasting!"

And all of his clergy are going in now
To follow "his lordship's" lead;
They're biking and triking, but none, I avow,
Can develop the same turn of speed.

Some day, I've no doubt—his limbs are so supple—
He'll go for some record or race;
I'll be bound that he'll win, if he gets a fast couple
Of curates for making the pace.

Horticultural Amenities.

Unfeeling Visitor (to Host, proud of his flower garden). Why
does that bed remind me of a northern town oft repeated?
Host (expecting a compliment). Give it up!
U. V. Because it is full of lank asters.

[Summons for assault next morning.

"THE GALLANT MAJOR."—The much-talked-of—we will not say
notorious, as being, perhaps, a rather unpleasant adjective—the
much-talked-of Major LOTHAIKE finds himself in the situation of
the immortal Mr. Pickwick in regard to Mrs. Bardell. Madame
VAN HECKE is suing the Major for breach of promise to her
daughter. Damages, 50,000 francs. If the case be proved, it
may show LOTHAIKE as the *Gay Lothair-io*. The "*io*" to be
added, if he can't pay.

NEWS FROM NOTTINGHAM.—"Mr. OSBORNE's Nurse Agnes won
the Sherwood Nursery Plate." This is quite as it should be, and
we hope that Mr. (should it not be Master?) OSBORNE's nurse
will take care of the plate, and see that Master OSBORNE does
not break it.



Younger Sister. "WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ON YOUR BIRTHDAY, EVA?"
Eva (a belle of some seasons). "OH, I DON'T KNOW. TAKE A YEAR OFF, I SUPPOSE."

George du Maurier.

("KIKI.")

Born in Paris, March 6, 1834. Died in London, October 8, 1896.

"A little work, a little play
To keep us going—and so, good day!
"A little warmth, a little light
Of love's bestowing—and so, good night!
"A little fun, to match the sorrow
Of each day's growing—and so, good morrow!
"A little trust that when we die
We reap our sowing! And so, good-bye!"

Du Maurier's translation of "Un Pou d'Amour."

"AND so, good-bye!" Light words, and quickly said!

But could they reach your ears, beloved dead,

Their burden you would guess
Better than many wearing graver face.
Good-bye to genius, gentleness, and grace!
A vanished presence and a vacant place
Leave us in heaviness.

Leave us, your comrades, lovers, friends,
alone

With mingling memories of all that's gone,
The joy, the mirth, the wit;

The large humanity, the lambent light
Of humour free from smallness as from spite,

The bold, frank outlook, and the fancy bright,

The frolic glee of it!

And gentler touches, too, not shown to all,
The graver thoughts which this wild, spinning ball

Of misery and mad mirth

Awakes in every soul whose laugh is not
Mere crackling of dry thorns beneath the
pot,
Marking the humours heedless of the plot
Of our strange drama—Earth.

Gone from the ring of friends to lose him
loth!

He brought from two great lands the best
of both

In one fine nature blent.
Lover of English strength and Gallic grace,

Of British beauty, or of soul or face,
Yet with that subtler something born of

race
That charm to cleanness lent.

MILLAIS and THACKERAY, master minds,
and men

Of stalwart strength and health, with
brush or pen,

To these his love was drawn
In stintless measure. Picturing strong

and bold,
A grip of iron and a style of gold,

These the ideals which he seemed to hold
From talent's earliest dawn.

Humour refined, if scarce exuberant, wit
Unpoisoned, polished, lethal in its hit,

But gracious in its fence,
Were his possessions; strength subdued to

style;
A generous scathing of the mean and vile,

A stinging scourge, though wielded with a
smile,

For prudery and pretence.

A THACKERAY of the pencil! So men said.
His reverence high for the great Titan

dead
Put by such praise with ease;

But social satire of the subtler sort
Was his, too. Not the shop, the slum,
the court,
But gay saloons gave quarry for his
sport.

'Twas in such scenes as these

His hectoring Midas, and his high-nosed
earl,

His worldly matron, and his winsome
girl,

Were found, and pictured clear,
With skill creative and with strength re-

strained.
They live, his butts, cold-hearted, shallow-

brained.
In his own chosen walk DU MAURIER

reigned
Supreme, without a peer.

And yet, perchance, to those who knew
him best,

His chosen walk scarce furnished final
test

Of all he might have been.
Who may decide? Success, arriving late,

But shining far, sensationally great,
In a new path, is stayed by cruel fate,

As though in envious spleen.

But he had lived, and loved, and nobly
wrought,

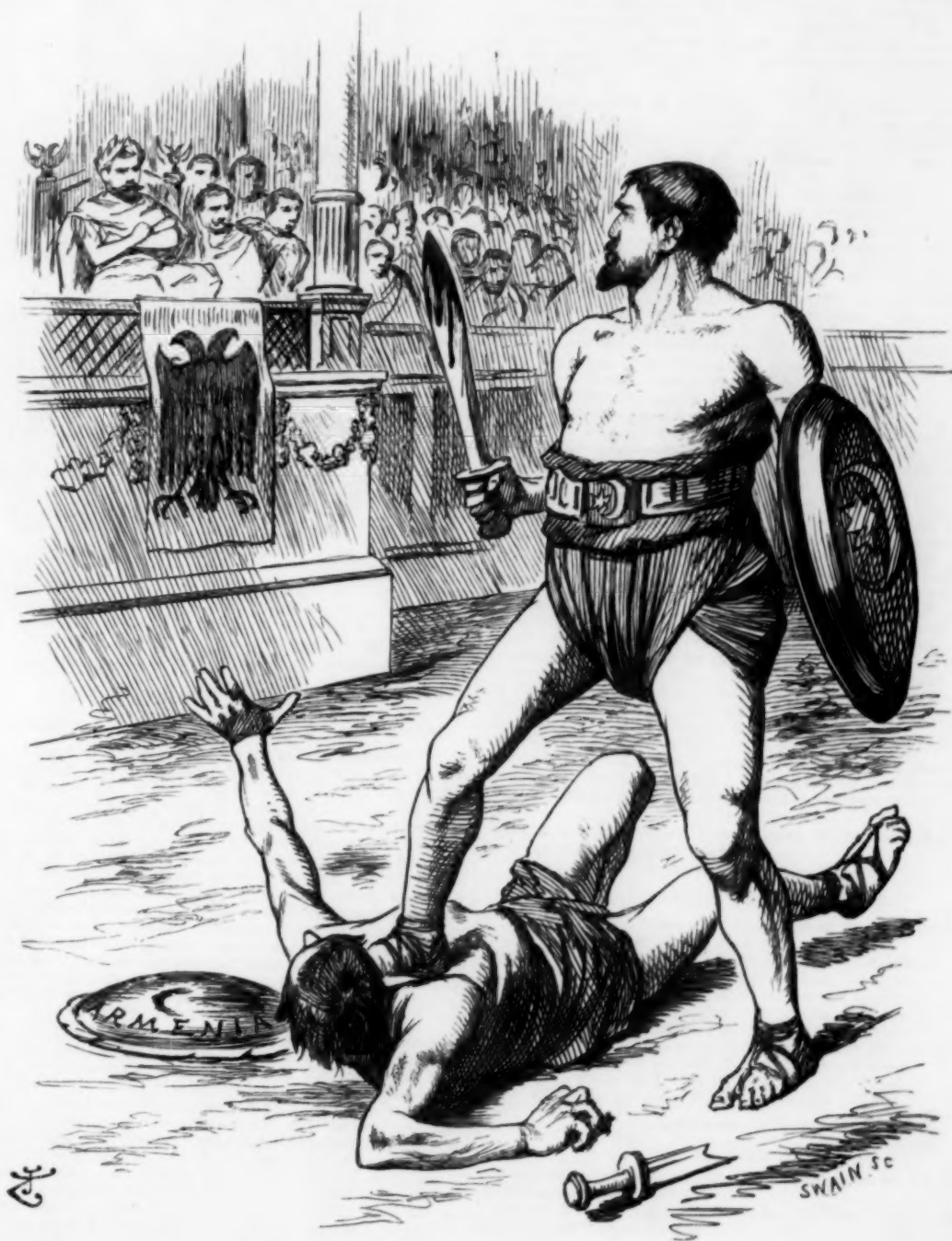
Stoutly against long-threatening terror
fought,

Won friendship, love, and fame.
And so, good-bye! Our dear DU MAURIER,

brave,
Companionable "Kiki," by your grave,

Your sorrowing comrades cheer and com-
fort crave

For all who bear your name.



“WAITING THE SIGNAL.”



Dr. Primrose-berry (the Vicar of "Wide-a-wake-field," quoting from diary). "FOR THE THREE ENSUING DAYS I WAS IN A STATE OF ANXIETY TO KNOW WHAT RECEPTION MY LETTER MIGHT MEET WITH."

Vicar of Wakefield, CH. XXVIII.

ROUNABOUT READINGS.

MONSIEUR ELZÉAR BLAZE ON "LE CHASSEUR AU CHIEN D'ARRÊT."

ONE of those insular prejudices which cause our nation to be so justly beloved over the continent of Europe will have it that we alone understand sport, and that in particular the French are natural fools in this department of human activity. The ordinary Briton as he misses his driven partridge or his rocketing pheasant, thinks with contempt of the unfortunate French nation which, as he imagines, knows no more about the handling of a gun or the proper destruction of a bird on the wing than it does about those great feasts of sirloin and steak which, in conjunction with their pale ale, have made Englishmen what they are. In face of this prejudice, it seems almost unreasonable to point out that at the present time there are probably more Frenchmen than Englishmen who are passionately devoted to the sport of shooting, and that some of the best treatises on that sport have been written in French.

It must be conceded, of course, that there are some Frenchmen who have done their best to pour ridicule on the sporting proclivities of their countrymen. Did not the immortal TARTARIN set out from Tarascon every Sunday morning in order to indulge in *La Chasse aux Casquettes*? Winged game being scarce in the neighbourhood of Tarascon, a cap was thrown into the air as a substitute, and the sportsman who recorded the greatest number of hits, was, at the end of the day, saluted as champion and escorted in triumph back to the town. Still, a cloth cap is probably just as good to shoot at and as hard to hit as the terracotta saucer which provides sport and championship cups to our own "inanimate bird shooters," of whose powers and markmanship I occasionally read glowing accounts in our sporting papers.

I WONDER how many Englishmen have heard of Monsieur ELZÉAR BLAZE and his treatise on *Le Chasseur au Chien d'Arrêt*. I have the fourth edition, which was published in 1854, and is adorned with a frontispiece representing a gentleman with a swallow-tail coat and a top hat gazing intently through an eye-

glass at a shop window in which are displayed all kinds of cakes, jellies, fruits, and other culinary delicacies. This may be explained by the fact that the book was published "au Dépôt de la Collection Culinnaire de Carême," and that this edition of it forms part of a series in which, seemingly, *Classiques de la Table*, "ces écrits étincelants de MM. BRILLAT SAVARIN, CUSAY, DE LARREYNIÈRE, BERCHOUX, &c.," also appeared. This, however, is quite in our English manner, for does not every volume of *Fur and Feather*, our latest sporting series, contain a chapter on cookery?

It is impossible to wish for a more agreeable companion than M. ELZÉAR BLAZE. His publisher, in a Preface, justly remarks "Que de gaieté, de verve, de traits incisifs, d'anecdotes semées dans ces récits piquants de M. ELZÉAR BLAZE! que d'aimables peintures de la campagne, des bois, des courses à pied! Quelle animation dans cette vie que sa spirituelle plume a si bien retracée." Indeed, there is nothing stodgy or dull about the treatise of M. BLAZE. It is written in a style which is throughout crisp and agreeable, and his advice to novices, even when it is most paternal, never degenerates into pomposity. Here is an extract from Chapter III., entitled, "Habillement du Chasseur." "In order to disguise themselves as sportsmen," says M. BLAZE, "our dandies stop at nothing. Like coquettish women, they have their *négligés*, which cost more than ball dresses, and they wear these in the hope that the ladies who see them will lose their repose and their appetite, that their complexions will pale, that possibly they will die of it, a thing that happens every day, as we all know. And then, when they have seen the ravages caused by their costume, when a wan and leaden colour has succeeded to the rosy tint on two beautiful cheeks, then these gentlemen triumph. Oh, the scoundrels! Poor women, I pity you! Those who are most beautifully dressed for shooting are always the least skilful. The handsomest game-bags are always nearly empty. I affirm this as the result of constant observation." This chapter contains some admirably sound advice as to shooting costume, and winds up in true French style with some reflections on the style of dress that best fits a man to win the affections of his lady-love, and the conversation which is best calculated to charm her. "Relate to her, here and there," says our author, quoting a friend of great experience, "some adventure in which you have miraculously escaped death. If you have no adventure, manufacture one. Suppose you got up at twelve o'clock, what does it matter? Tell her that you have spent the whole morning on your horse in order to school him, a matter of the utmost difficulty, seeing that the horse is ungovernable. Your beast scarcely ever goes beyond a walk, and can only be induced to trot by the aid of your whip. Never mind! tell her that it has been playing you tricks. Season your story with many details. Embroider, always embroider; and endeavour to make her believe that any man except yourself would have been unsated."

HERE, for the present, I must leave M. BLAZE, but I hope to take him up again next week.

THE SULTAN'S SOLILOQUY.

BISMILLAH! One more "Concert of the Powers"—
The Powers of Party—I have now upset!
PRIMROSE? Ahem! That prettiest of flowers
Will now look yellow with—ahem!—regret.
BEACONSFIELD loved the Primrose—in a way.
Wonder if SALISBURY now shares that taste?
Perhaps—just now—I should not like to say—
GLADSTONE, mine enemy, may regret his haste.
Or—can it be—to the Grand Old One's whim,
Like *Peter Bell*, this Primrose, on the brim
Of Party's a mere Primrose now, to him?

At the Albert Club.

First Member. Me and my Missus run over to Paris to see the CZAR, and—

Second Member (who means business). 'Ere, 'ARRY, drop the CZAR and let's come to the Seizervitch!

[Motion carried nem. con.]

AT THE ELYSÉE.

American Lady. Say, why have those magnificent footmen got "F. F." on their buttons?

American Gentleman. Out of compliment to the CZAR. *Félicitations Françaises*, of course!



DESIGN FOR A FAURE-POSTER!

In which the President may sleep off the fatigues of recent exciting scenes in Paris.

SPORTIVE SONGS.

A Betraded Swain is distressed by the knowledge that his Fiancee, a damsel of rare pedigree, is familiarly known by a zoological appellation.

Your family is one whose name
Is old and well-renowned;
Its sons are always known to fame
The British empire round;
Its daughters have by Nature's charm
Moved Puritans to tears,
And by their beauty could disarm
Licentious Cavaliers.

To-day prevails the self-same grace;
This comeliness is fast!
So surely must each winsome face
Be heirloom of the past.
Each lad—of him why sing the praise?
He does not need my word
While cutting for himself the bays
By vigour of his sword!

In short, my muse could never tire
To sing of yours and you;
The simplest minstrel might aspire
To strike a chord so true!
I've read of doughty "Digue-en-bac,"
Who fought with CHARLES MARTEL!
Of HAROLD nicknamed "Hack-and-Hack,"

At Agincourt who fell.

Such heroes went from sire to son,
Like stream from fountain head
For ages, once the race begun,
For years and years they led!
So, too, their ladies music made
Through centuries of crime,
And even kings have disobeyed,
Fair monarchs of their time!

In England, as they did in France,
Each dame or damsel shone
At court, or chase, in play or dance,
A goddess and alone.
And so the legend runs to-day,
For like must be as like;
And you can hold me with your sway
When "scorching" on your "bike"!

But then, there always is a fly
Within one's cup of bliss,
And now I'm going to do or die—
My statement plain is this.
Baptismally your name is JANE

KATE VIVIEN! *Infra dig.*
I hear you called with rage and pain
By all, "The Guinea Pig"!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

IN Sir George Tressady (SMITH, ELDER, & Co.), Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD has dealt in masterful manner with a difficult task. She has for her *dramatis personæ* appropriated contemporary personages, and has avoided personalities. My Baronite knows (or thinks he knows) the principal people who move through this story. Yet so cunningly are the colours mixed, so deftly is a left hand moulded on a figure where one is looking for the familiar right, that Mrs. HUMPHRY WARD is justified in regarding with innocent stare of surprise any who label her puppets with other names than those she pleases to hang round their necks. The closest portraiture is that of Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. In physical details Mrs. WARD is careful to make Lord Fontenoy unlike the original. But those personally acquainted with the Leader of the Fourth Party, who ended by being Leader of the House of Commons, recognize how faithful is the study. They will remember a confession Lord RANDOLPH was rather fond of making at a time when his intimate knowledge of public affairs and his absolute command of the intricate forms of House of Commons procedure were the marvel of mankind. He protested that when he first embarked on political life he knew nothing. "Absolutely nothing," he repeated, clenching one hand, and twirling his moustache with the other. "You forget," says Mrs. WARD's Lord Fontenoy, in conversation with Sir George Tressady, "that I learnt nothing either at school or college. When you left England the only financial statement I could

understand was a betting-book. I knew no history, except what one gets from living among people who have been making it. I could not understand the simplest economical argument, and I hated trouble of all kinds. Nothing but the toil of a galley slave could have enabled me to do what I have done." There is our dear GRANDOLPH to the life. One other portrait, drawn with inimitable skill, is a pillar of the Liberal Party, who, in the novel, is ticketed Lord Maxwell. Here, as in the case of Lord Fontenoy and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, points of physical identity are carefully eschewed. But there is the earl in the grand simplicity of his private and public life. These are merely sidelights on a novel cleverly constructed, admirably written, abounding in human interest.

The Oxford University Press possesses, and liberally employs, the art of endowing familiar books with fresh charm. Mr. HENRY FROWDE has taken in hand the Poets, serving them up in what Mr. GLADSTONE used to call three courses. There is an edition of one volume, excellently printed, neatly bound, and low priced. Another, printed upon Oxford India paper, handsomely bound, edges luxuriously gilt over red, costs more money. Finally, comes a gem of bookbinders' and printers' art, a miniature edition in volumes suitable for storage in the waistcoat pocket, yet printed in type that makes reading easy. The Oxford SHAKESPEARE, SCOTT, LONGFELLOW, WORDSWORTH, and BYRON, have already been issued. Now we have the Oxford BURNS, the whole poetical works of the ploughman, edited by Mr. LOUIS ROBERTSON. Never have these poets been more daintily treated.

A WALLED TOWN.

EXTRACTS FROM THE TRAVEL DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

First Sheet.—A Patch of Old France.

Montreuil, Monday.—A rare occasion on which STERNE, pursuing his *Sentimental Journey*, was inclined to make disagreeable rejoinder, was when, standing at the *remise* door in the coach-yard at Calais, the Inquisitive Traveller volunteered the information that Amiens was on the road to Paris. If he had not already snubbed the monk who came to beg alms, he would certainly have snapped off the nose of his inconsequential interlocutor.

Hope I sha'n't run the risk of being snubbed if I observe that Montreuil is on the road to Paris. As I've only recently discovered the fact I venture to mention it. Hurrying by rail between Boulogne and Paris, we pass Montreuil almost without sight. Never look for it. Probably are not aware of its existence, or have forgotten it. Yet it was on the road to Paris long before Plantagenet times, when King EDWARD and the BLACK PRINCE ravaged Northern France, won Crecy and Poitiers. In quieter days, MARY Queen of Scots, journeying from Paris to Edinburgh, slept a night at Montreuil.

Even more interesting is the fact that LAURENCE STERNE halted here at an early stage of his *Sentimental Journey*. "Montreuil" he spells it, which is near enough. SARK and I are staying in the very hotel at which YORICK put up, and where he engaged LA FLEUR as body-servant. The Hôtel de France has probably altered little since the day when under its roof LA FLEUR unpacked his new master's six shirts and one pair of silk breeches. There is nothing modern about the place, not even blankets, as we discovered on the first night of our sojourn. For all bed-clothes there was a sheet, and over that a wadded coverlet, weighing something less than half-a-ton, hoary with age, impregnated with the dust of centuries. Bath-room, of course, not to be expected. But in an hotel one does look for a sitting-room of some kind, public or private. Those were luxuries not known three hundred years ago, when the hotel first opened its doors to the passing stranger, and they have not been superadded. Across the courtyard, facing the kitchen, is a room which serves for breakfast, lunch, dinner, conversation, reading, and smoking. That has for three centuries met the wayfarer's need, and if at the end of the nineteenth he wants more he must go elsewhere.

When STERNE engaged LA FLEUR as his body-servant on the famous journey through France, he discovered that his main qualifications for the post were that he could beat a drum and make spatter-dashes. MARIE, to-day the maid of all work at the Hôtel de France, is as boundless in range of domestic capacity as LA FLEUR was limited. She does everything but cook. That important function is performed by the proprietress, a lady born about the Waterloo year, with a profile curiously reminiscent of DANTE, a nice turn for making an omelette, and perfect inspiration in concocting *Potage à la bonne femme*. MARIE does everything else. Is head waiter, only chambermaid, and, I suspect, secretly performs the functions of boots.

On Saturday, being market day, there is a midday meal called by *nous* *outrés* an ordinary. Farmers flocking in from the country side crowd the long table. It seems an impossible thing that MARIE should bring in and serve to the six or eight people living in the hotel the successive courses of *déjeuner* and dinner. The difficulty is added to by the facts that, wet or shine, the dishes have to be carried across the court-yard, and trays, being a modern invention, have not yet been included in the furniture of our hotel. MARIE trots backwards and for-

wards with hands full, and having brought in the various dishes, serves them round. The exceptional crowd of Saturday brings no extraneous help. MARIE does it all, and we just wait a little longer for our turn to come round.

"And do you get good wages?" SARK asked MARIE, finding her filling up a spare moment by flushing and sweeping the stony courtyard.

"Mais oui, m'sieur," said MARIE, proudly; "*seize francs par mois*."

Sixteen francs a month SARK makes out to be something less than £8 a year, and muses sadly over the details of his own domestic establishment.

The best room in the hotel is the kitchen. If we might only



Courtyard of the Hôtel de France, Montreuil.

take our meals there, life would blossom into fairer flowers. Low roofed, boldly beamed, the firelight playing on walls flecked by pewter plates, copper dishes, and brass utensils, polished to distraction, it is as charming as the dining-room is desolate. But we must needs live up to our quality. So have our soup and meat brought to us (usually through the rain) into the dank dining-room, carpetless, gloomy, with long, unlovely table and unresting chairs.

Montreuil is one of the oldest bits of ancient France. Yet its streets present little that is striking in the way of antiquity. This is doubtless due to the circumstance that the town has frequently been besieged, and, occasionally, partly demolished. There are only fragments left of anything, including three churches. One has in this utilitarian age been adapted as a fire-engine station. At one end of the nondescript building

you can trace the beautiful stone work of a window, filled up with heartrending bricks and mortar. The population also seems to have been shot away. Save on market day there is a prevailing ghastly emptiness about the streets.

The glory of Montreuil at the end of these many centuries is its imperishable walls. High up the town stands, jutting suddenly out of the plain of Picardy. *Le bon Dieu* made the mound, some two miles in circumference. *Le Diable* enclosed it within walls, made it a place of arms, round which armies have struggled since the days of PHILIPPE of Anjou. Here and there the outer case of the wall is crumbling. Its broad moat is a fat fruit garden. Like another decayed warrior, Montreuil's helmet is now a hive for bees. Its lance is broken. Its sword is rust. But the massive walls still frown on the peaceful valley, as they did when HENRY THE FIFTH rode by them on his way to Agincourt, and when, nearly four centuries later, LAURENCE STERNE passed out of the gateway to come upon the dead ass at Nampont.

AUGUSTE EN ANGLETERRE.

BRIGHTON.

DEAR MISTER,—I hasten myself to tell to you the excellent idea of my brother JULES. He has written to me from Marseille, where finds himself his regiment in this moment here. He is captain, the brave boy. Eh well, he writes to me that, having studied the english language *au fond*, and being now in voyage in boy—*en garçon*—I should to write a guide for my compatriots, who visit the England. *La bonne idée! En voyage, en garçon. Enfin enchanté!*

Therefore, I propose to myself, Mister Punch, to visit some ones of the towns of your country, above all the towns frequented by the strangers. I will write my notes, and of time in time—*de temps en temps*—I will send you of them. Only, seen that I am neither geographe nor literator, these notes will be but the first impressions of a stranger—the instantaneous blow of the eye of a voyage of agreement.

He arrives by hazard that I receive the letter of JULES at Brighton. It is an excellent occasion of to commence my notes. I have already spoken of some parts of the town. To-day, I visit the jetty, the "Ouestpir." It is not bad. In effect one could to walk himself there with much of agreement, if only the air was calm. Ah but, this wind of Brighton! On the jetty I find him insupportable. Therefore I go myself away, and after a little walk towards the west I arrive to some *pelouses* in the town of Hove, where an assembly of persons very well put, *très-bien mises*, walk themselves around of a military music. It is not excessively gay, but it is very as he must, *très comme il faut*, and absolutely correct. Again, if the air was calm! But by a such wind, holding firmly his hat, *bousculé*, almost *bouleversé*, is it that even an English can to be absolutely correct? The hurricanes of Brighton can even to disturb the calm of your compatriots. And of same the hurricanes of Hove. For the two towns, which have the air of to be one sole, have nothing in common, except the air—the hurricanes. I have heard to speak of the quarrels between the two, veritable storms in a cup of tea. All lately the english journals tell us how many hours of sun there has had at Brighton, as at Westminster. It astonishes me that the duration of bright sun at Hove is not registered separately. It is incredible that two towns, thus divided, should share one record of sun. He wants of it two. Above all at present, when one sees almost not one sole ray of sun either at Brighton or at Hove!

While that I hear the music, suddenly the rain rebegins. And see there all the ladys and misses, so well dressed in robes so gay and so charming, are obliged of to run, to throw themselves into the lugubrious interior of the "fly" of Brighton—ah no, of Hove, but it is the same thing!—and in fine when there are no more of "flies" to seek a shelter at the door of a house. And in England you have not the coach door, *la porte cochère*, and by consequence there is not much of shelter. Me also, having yielded to some ladys the "fly" which I had caught, I refuge myself under a portal. It is a droll of road at Hove, two roads, twins, separated by railings of iron. At Brighton there is one wide road at border of the sea, but at Hove there is of them two. They love the railings of iron at Hove. They are very droll and very stupid, those railings there. But in fine perhaps I prefer Hove, although the grass grows in the deserted avenues so ridiculously wide. At least one finds not there a melancholy *Campe Santo* in cast-iron, or a ruined jetty, as at Brighton.

That evening there I resolve to make *le lendemain* a little excursion outside of the town. I regard my map and the journal. There is some excursions in steamboat. Bah! By a such wind,



A POSER.

"FARMERS ALWAYS GRUMBLING! WELL, SUPPOSIN' YOUR PIGS WERE DOWN WIT' TH' FEVER, AN' YOUR SHEEP HAD GOT TH' INFLUENZA, IF YOUR CROTS WERE BROWNED IN EIGHTEEN INCHES O' WATER, AN' YOUR RENT WERE OVERDUE—WHAT WOULD YOU DO?"

"I! I'D GIVE IT UP AND START A GOLF CLUB!"

by blue! *Ah non, merci!* The remembrance of the traversy from Calais to Dovers suffices me. There is some excursions in bicycle. Again, no! There is for that too much of wind and too much of rain. It rains, as one says in english, the cats and the dogs. It is therefore very appropriate that I see now the unnoances of a "Dog Show." It wants but an exhibition of cats for to show us all that which has fallen from the sky. Then there is some excursions to a certain place called the "Devil's Dyke," a hole in the hills. But how a hole can be to be a dyke, *une digue?* It is an error. It wishes to say "Devil's Dig," that which the devil has dug, *creusé*. Eh well, is it that he is worth the pain of to make a voyage on the hills, in a "fly" of Brighton, by a such wind, for to see a hole, even a great hole? Again, no! *Ca ne vaut pas le diable!*

In fine the excursions in railway. If I was at Nice, and that he was falling of the rain so continually—that which would be impossible at Nice—I would file, *filerais*, direct upon Monte Carlo. It is not that I love the play, for I lose alldays, but in fine I amuse myself to regard the players, and if one loses a *louis*—eh well, one is not ruined! But near to Brighton one finds not a Monte Carlo. *Tiens!* See there on the map a town, at almost the same distance, also on the sea, Vorting. No, Worthing. *Parfaitement! C'est bien ça*, that is well that. Tomorrow to Worthing. Agree, &c., AUGUSTE.

THE *Daily Graphic*, last Saturday, showed the CZAR, CZARITZA, with M. and Madame FAURE, standing in front of the Royal Box at the Comédie Française. The title of the picture ought to have been "Faure in a row." There is no orchestra at the Française, otherwise the overture, in honour of the President and his wife, should have been in "Two Faure time."

FROM AN IRATE HOUSEHOLDER.—A consistent believer in the main chance. The gas company's inspector.

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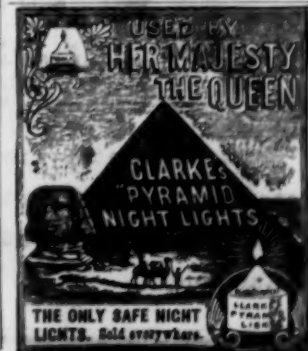
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NO EGGS! NO TROUBLE! NO RISK!



COLEMAN'S WINE
OR
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT
MEAT & MALT WINE.
IN THE FINEST TONIC IN THE WORLD.
Over 2,000 Testimonials have been received from Medical Men. Six Gold Medals. Sold in Bottles, 2/6 and 4/6.
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These Series of Pens Write as Smoothly as a Lead Pencil. Neither Scratch nor Spurt, the points being rounded by a special process. Assorted Sample Box for 7 stamps from the Works, BIRMINGHAM.



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